

The Historie of

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

La. Go, ye giddy goose.

The musicke plays.

Hot. Now, I perceiue the diuell vnderstands Welsh,
And 'tis no maruell he is so humorous,
Birlady he is a good musicion.

La. Then should you be nothing but musicall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humours:
Lie still, ye thiefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather heare, lady, my brache howle in Irish,

La. Would'st haue thy head broken?

Hot. No.

La. Then be still.

Hot. Neither, 'tis a womans fault.

La. Now God helpe thee.

Hot. To the welsh Ladies bed.

La. What's that?

Hot. Peace, she sings.

Here the Ladie sings a welsh Song

Hot. Come, ile haue your song to.

La. Not mine in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours in good sooth? Hart, you sweare like a comfit-
makers wife, not you in good sooth, and as true as I liue, and as
God shall mend me, and as sure as day:
And giuest such sarcenet suretie for thy oathes,
As if thou neuer walk'st further then Finsburie.
Sweare me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leaue, in sooth,
And such protest of pepper ginger bread,
To velvet gards, and Sunday Citizens.
Come, sing.

La. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turne tayler, or be redbrest teacher
and the indentures be drawne, ile away within these two houres,
and so come in when ye will.

Exit.

Glen. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,
As *Hot.* Lord Percy, is on fire to go:

Henry

By this, our booke is drawne,
And then to horse immediatly

Mor. With all my heart.

Enter the King, Prin

King. Lords giue vs leaue, t
Must haue some priuate confer
For we shall presently haue nee
I know not whether God will
For some displeasing seruice I
That in his secret doome, out o
Hee'le breed reuengement and
But thou dost in the passages of
Make me beleue that thou art
For the hot vengeance, and the
To punish my mistreadings. T
Could such inordinate and low
Such poore, such bare, such leu
Such barren pleasures, rude soci
As thou art matcht withall, and
Accompany the greatnesse of
And hold their leuell with thy p

Prin. So please your Maiesty
Quit all offences with as cleare
As well as I am doubtlesse I can
My selfe of many I am charg'd.
Yet such extenuation let me beg
As in reproofe of many tales de
Which oft the care of greatnesse
By smiling pick-thanks and bas
I may for some things true, wh
Hath faulty wandred, and irreg
Finde pardon, on my true subm

King. God pardon thee, yet
At thy affections, which do hol
Quite frow the flight of all thy
Thy place in counsell thou hast
Which by thy yonger brother is
And art almost an alien to the h